
In Recital

KAREN HAMM, mezzo soprano

assisted by

MICHELLE CROUCH, piano

with

MIRIAM LEWIS, viola

Sunday, March 28, 1993 at 8:00 pm

From *Four Cantatas for Voice and Piano*
Speranze mie (1604)

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1659-1725)

From *Carmen* (1874)
L'amour est un oiseau rebelle (Habanera)
Prés des remparts de Séville (Seguidilla)

Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

From *Samson et Dalila* (1877)
Printemps qui commence
Amour! viens aider ma faiblesse!

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

INTERMISSION

Two Songs for Contralto and Viola, Op. 91 (1884)
Gestillte Sehnsucht
Geistliches Wiegenlied

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Miriam Lewis, viola

Misalliance
The Armadillo
The Gasman Cometh
III Wind

Michael Flanders
Lyrics by Donald Swann

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree (Honours) for Ms Hamm.

Karen Hamm is generously supported by the Richard Eaton Singers Scholarship in Voice. Michelle Crouch is generously supported by Mary Stinson Fund for Piano Accompaniment and The Eva Shaw Memorial Prize in Music.

Reception to follow in the Student Lounge, Arts Building.

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building



Department of Music
University of Alberta

TRANSLATIONS

Speranze mie/My Hopes

(Recitative)

Farewell, my hopes!

I abandon you among the sound of gravestones
while I cry over my misfortunes and
amuse myself trying to find some consolation
among steep cliffs.

(Aria)

This is what the impious fate wants for me;
it wants me to die so that my heart
will never be delighted again.

Miserable soul, you moan abandoned,
abandoned in such a cruel servitude.

This is what the impious fate wants for me;
it wants me to die so that my heart
will never be delighted again.

(Recitative)

Betrayed heart, you will never hear again
the insidious sigh of unfaithful damsels.

Too many times, too many times
you have been mocked.

However, you don't have to look again
at a flattering face and to avoid the estrangement
from love,

on an unhappy day

everyone should abstain from love.

(Aria)

My affections stay in peace, stay in peace;
there is no compassion for you,
no, no, there is no compassion,
for you there is no compassion.
You don't have to trust anymore
that breast that more than one likes,
don't trust it anymore...
that breast that more than one likes,
don't trust it anymore.

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle/Love is a rebellious bird

Love is a rebellious bird
that no one can tame;
and it's truly in vain
that one call him,
if it suits him to refuse!

Nothing helps--
threat nor entreaty.

The one man speaks well,
the other keeps quiet;
and it's the other
whom I prefer--
he hasn't said anything,
but he pleases me.
Love!

Love is a bohemian child;
he has never known law.
If you don't love me, I love you;
but if I love you,
watch out for yourself!

The bird that you thought to catch
flapped his wings and flew away.
Love is far away--
you may wait for it;
when you don't wait anymore,
there it is!
All around you,
quickly it comes, goes away;
then it comes back again.
When you think you have hold of it,
it evades you;
when you think you're evading it,
it has hold of you!
Love!

Prés des remparts de Séville/Near the ramparts of Seville

Near the ramparts of Seville,
at my friend Lillas Pastia's
I will go to dance the seguidilla,
and to drink manzanilla.
I will go to my friend Lillas Pastia's.
Yes-- but all alone one is bored,
and true pleasures are with another person;
so, to keep me company,
I'll take along my lover!
My lover...he belongs to the devil!
I threw him out yesterday!
My poor heart, very consolable
is free as the breeze!
I have suitors by the dozen,
but they are not to my liking.
Here is the end of the week:
Who wishes to love me? I will love him!
Who wants my soul? It is to be had!
You come at the right moment!
I haven't the time to wait,
for with my new lover
near the ramparts of Seville
we will dance the seguidilla
and we'll drink manzanilla:
tra la la!...

Printemps qui commence/Spring, which begins

Spring, which begins,
bringing hope
to loving hearts,
your passing breath
erases from the earth
the unhappy days.

Everything is on fire in our souls,
and your sweet flame
comes to dry our tears;
you restore to the earth,
by a sweet mystery,
the fruits and the flowers.
In vain I am beautiful!
My heart, full of love,
weeping for the unfaithful one,
awaits his return!
Living in hope,
my desolate heart
cherishes the memory
of past happiness!

At night fall
I will go, a dejected lover,
to sit by the stream--
to await him, weeping!
Casting off my sadness,
if he returns one day,
his is my tenderness
and the sweet ecstasy
which a burning love
keeps for his return!

Amour! viens aider ma faiblesse!/Love! come
to aid my weakness
Samson, desiring my presence,
must come to this place tonight.
The hour of vengeance,
which must satisfy our gods, is here!

Love, come to aid my weakness!
Pour the poison into his bosom!
Make Samson, vanquished by my skill,
be bound in chains tomorrow!
In vain should he wish to be able
to drive me out,

banish me, from his soul!
Could he be able to quench the flame
which memory feeds?
He is mine! He is my slave!
My brethren fear his wrath;
I alone, among all--I defy him,
and restrain him at my knees!
Against love, his strength is in vain;
and he, the strongest among the strong--
he, who breaks a peoples' chains,
will yield under my endeavors!

Gestillte Sehnsucht/Longing
Bathed in the golden flow of evening,
how solemn the woods stands!
Among the gentle voices of the little birds
breathes

the gentle plaint of the evening wind.
What do the winds, the little birds, whisper?
They whisper the world to sleep.

You wishes, that constantly bestir yourselves
in the heart without rest or peace!
You longings, that stir the breast,
when will you rest, when will you sleep?
At the whisper of the winds, the little birds,
you longing wishes, when will you fall asleep?

Ah, when no longer in the golden distance,
my soul hastens on the wings of a dream,
no longer on ever-distant stars
with longing gaze my eyes linger;
then the winds, the little birds, will whisper
my life, with my longing, to sleep.

Geistliches Wiegenlied/Lullaby for the Christchild

You that hover over these palm trees
in the night and the wind,
you holy angels, still the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.
You palms of Bethlehem in the sighing wind,
how can you roar so angrily today!
O do not thunder so!
Hush, bow your heads softly and gently;
still the tree-tops, still the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

The Son of Heaven endures hardship;
ah, how weary he grows from the sorrow
of the earth.

Ah, now in sleep, gently soothed
His agony melts away.
Still the tree-tops, still the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.
A fierce chill wind whistles down;
what can I cover my baby's arms with!
O all you angels, that on your wings ride
the wind,
still the tree-tops, still the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Where do I begin? Thank you, first of all, to everyone that took the time to attend my recital tonight. Your presence is greatly appreciated! Special thanks go to the Department of Music staff (Beth, Shirley, Brenda, Donna, et al...) for the printing of my program and also a big thank you to Angela Canova in the Romance Languages Department for translating my Scarlatti piece. You accomplished the impossible! To my voice professor, Harold Wiens...where would I be without your "squeezing of the orange", constant encouragement and endless stories and jokes(?)! To my family...thank you for supporting me in my sometimes ambiguous musical goals, coming to almost all of my performances and for your constant prayers. I love you all. As for my friends (you know who you are!), thanks for your ears, smiles and even some good advice once in a while! Of course, I can't forget my wonderful Dan...thank you so much for your understanding, love, and a few kicks (quite a few!) in the butt...I needed it all. Most of all, I want to thank my Lord who gave me the talent in the first place. May I always use it to please Him.